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ties and the society formed on earth, may perhaps be taken as some indication that we shall again know our friends—at least those who are good and true. But it is no proof. It is a foolish and an unlicensed thing to inquire what shall be in heaven. We should remember that we can only properly estimate heaven by generalities and negatives. It is not a place such as we can imagine. If any man tells what it is, that we may be sure it is not. There will be three surprises in heaven—the very greatest at being there ourselves, the second at the absence of those who we thought would be there, and the third at the presence of those who we had condemned and excluded. But beyond that, we may say with Bishop Rust: “It is not for any mortal creature to make a map of that Canaan that lies above; it is, to all of us who live here on the other side of the country, a *terra incognita*.” The contemplation of heaven is, in itself, so sublime that it may tax us to the verge of our imagination. What is beautiful in the perfected earth, what is lovely in all holy love, shall remain to us hereafter. This is all we know. With a full trust in that, we can afford to dispense with the vagaries of ungoverned fancy, and to discard the longings of a distempered sentimentality.

GERTRUDE B. ROLFE.

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#### PROFESSOR TYNDALL AS A MATERIALIST.

IT IS an easy thing to remand Professor Tyndall, without more ado, to the camp of materialists, and thereby attach to his name the opprobrium which falls upon all those who hold that grosser form of materialism which Carlyle characterizes as the “philosophy of mud.” There are materialists and materialists. Professor Tyndall must be carefully distinguished from the spirit-blind devotees of matter, who stoutly insist that the manifold problems of being and destiny find a ready solution in the properties of matter and the law of the conservation of energy. He differs radically at this point from the rank and file of pure materialists. To overlook the difference between them prevents an honest and just estimate of the man, as a scientist and a philosopher. He has already suffered in this regard in many quarters; but now, at the time of his death especially, he merits a fair and tolerant criticism from all, however widely they may differ from him. It is true that Professor Tyndall finds in matter “the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.” Nevertheless, he frankly acknowledges the natural limitations to the materialist’s position, viz., that when one has posited the properties and laws of matter he has only removed the difficulties a step farther back; that the analysis is not ultimate: that there is still the genesis of matter, which must be explained; and that there the problem is left in an unsolved and unsatisfactory state. Concerning the famous dictum of German materialism, *Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke* (“without phosphorus there can be no thought”) Professor Tyndall, in his *Scientific Limit of the Imagination*, comments as follows:

“This may or may not be the case, but even if we knew it to be the case the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist, he is equally helpless. If you ask him where is this matter, of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer.”

He recognizes a mystery which materialism cannot remove, and that,

too, in a way which distinctly separates his philosophy from the "philosophy of mud." In the same frank manner he acknowledges the natural limits of the Darwinian Hypothesis; he recognizes its defects as a final philosophy, and that it too leaves unanswered the many questions concerning God, nature, and human life. In his *Scientific Use of the Imagination* he says:

"Fear not the evolution hypothesis, steady yourselves in its presence upon that faith in the ultimate triumph of truth which was expressed by old Gamaliel when he said: If it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; if it be of man it will come to naught. Under the fierce light of scientific inquiry this hypothesis is sure to be dissipated if it possess not a core of truth. Trust me, its existence as a hypothesis in the mind is quite compatible with the simultaneous existence of all those virtues to which the term Christian has been applied. It does not solve—it does not profess to solve—the ultimate mystery of this universe. It leaves, in fact, that mystery untouched. For granting the nebula and its potential life, the question, Whence came they? would still remain to baffle and bewilder us. At bottom the hypothesis does nothing more than 'transport the conception of life's origin to an indefinitely distant past.'"

At the outermost rim of his scientific investigation, Professor Tyndall acknowledges ever a bourne of mystery beyond. Towards this he looks with interest and with reverence. There is no indifference in his attitude towards the great unknown—and no conceit. You may call the position in reference to the world of the unseen, and its mysteries, as that of an agnostic; but here also his agnosticism must be distinguished from many who thus style their philosophy or rather lack of philosophy. With him, knowledge is either observed fact, or induced law through verified experiments. All else he has been accustomed to regard as lying beyond his ken. This is his habit of life, moving, working, thinking amidst the things seen, felt, heard, or capable of being touched, and weighed and measured. To a just understanding and appreciation of his views, we must apply that law of relativity, which he employed as his favorite mode of interpretation as regards men and theories. It is this: that the

"impression made upon us by any circumstance, or combination of circumstances, depends upon our previous state. Two travellers upon the same peak, the one having ascended to it from the plain, the other having descended to it from a higher elevation, will be differently affected by the scene around them. To the one, nature is expanding, to the other it is contracting, and feelings are sure to differ which have such different antecedent states."

Professor Tyndall, therefore, educated in the school of the senses, approaches the things which lie beyond the sphere of sense in an extremely cautious manner. He here hesitates to make any affirmation whatsoever. He is one who has but one desire—to know the truth. He has but one fear—to believe a lie. He is so conscientiously sincere that he will speak only concerning the things which lie wholly within his sphere, the world of observation and experiment. His temperament and habit of life naturally precluded him from expressing his views upon any subject, concerning which there is not absolute certitude in his own mind. While we find, therefore, that his statements regarding the supersensuous are at a minimum concerning their extent, still they carry with them, few though they be, a maximum force. His agnosticism does not deny the possibility that there may be an explanation of the vexed questions of the life which now is, and that which is to come. He has no answer, but he is far from asserting that

an answer is impossible. He has a mind open on all sides. He acknowledges the part which the emotional nature of man has played in the history of his development; and in this emotional nature the religious feelings and aspirations hold a prominent place. In his "Inaugural Address" at the British Association he says:

"There are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence and wonder, and the love of the beautiful, physical and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling which since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. . . . To yield the religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at this present hour."

This is not the language of materialism. It has an outlook towards spiritual verities. We would of course be better satisfied if Professor Tyndall did not insist that religion has only an emotional side, we believing that all enduring sentiment must have an intellectual basis. Nevertheless, we are in accord with him as far as he goes, and he goes far enough, at least, to separate himself completely from the disciples of crude materialism. He does not often grant us glimpses of his own emotional nature. But it forms no small part of the undercurrent of his being which Matthew Arnold so felicitously characterized as the "buried life" of man. It was when far removed from the haunts of men, and drawn nearer to the great heart of nature, that his own heart would leap in sympathetic appreciation of the widespread wonders and beauty about him. In his *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, his love of nature, again and again, breaks into apostrophe. His admiration is akin to reverence. His communion with nature is not that of a materialist; it is that of the humble child of nature. He says, in his *Scientific Use of the Imagination*:

"The scientists have as little fellowship with the atheist who says there is no God as with the theist who professes to know the mind of God. 'Two things,' said Emanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe: the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associates him with a power which gives fullness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."

Here is a spirit not only reverential, but worshipful; and we cannot suppress the conviction which irresistibly forces itself upon our thought, that in the depths of his soul were many treasures of faith and hope never disclosed to eye of man. Although his creed is short, it at least manifests certain intimations of immortality in the heart of one whose life was solely devoted to material things.

At the close of his *Inaugural Address*, he shows forth his many-sided nature in a passage which breathes the spirit of sincerity, and of tolerance, and of reverence withal.

"I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And, if still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will return to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done

not only without intolerance and bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs; then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the Past."

Here are evidences not only of a philosophy rising above the dead level of materialism, but also of the fire of hope and faith which burns bright in the heart of every man.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN.

### STREET BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

THE recent enormous and even alarming increase in the number of beggars in New York is accounted for by the police authorities on the ground that a large number of professional mendicants are drawn to New York from all parts of the country at this season of the year by the well-founded belief that means are so ample there and that charity is so free.

This horde of beggars, which seems to have been suddenly let loose upon the streets of the metropolis, consists for the most part of surly-looking men, with unkempt beards, bleared eyes, and threatening manners. Sturdy and impudent, they are to be found on the streets both uptown and downtown from early in the evening until daylight. In the neighborhood of the big hotels they are especially prolific. Fifth avenue from Fourteenth street to Forty-second street seems to be their favorite haunt. Here they lie in wait in the doorways, from whence they suddenly dart out at the passer-by, fall in with his gait and insist upon alms.

They began about a month ago by frightening women into giving them money, but lately they have been begging from men. When refused, they are usually content to say something insulting, although in some cases they almost use threats to extort money. The stabbing of a gentleman recently at his doorway on Fifth avenue by one of these beggars to whom he had refused alms is only an instance of a trifle more violence on the part of the mendicant than is exhibited by other members of the tribe which now infests the streets of New York.

In the old days, when every town sought to take care of its own folk, the beggar who came from a distance and was not a handicraftsman was put in the stocks or was roughly brought before the magistrates and carefully whipped before being started on his way towards elsewhere. This was all very pleasant and patriarchal. It presupposed that every man could and would take care of his own; that there was something to do for every one who would work; and that, in fact, no one ought to be simply a beggar or vagabond.

The professional beggar is not a modern innovation, by any means. Readers of the *Spectator* will recall "Scarecrow," the famous London beggar who, having disabled himself in his right leg, asked alms all day in order to get a warm supper at night. According to John Timbs, the "Rufflers," to whom we often find mention in the literature of the seventeenth century, were troops of idle vagrants who infested Lincoln's Inn Fields. They assumed the characters of maimed soldiers who had suffered